

MARCH 1, 2007

Brett Shannon Johnson

P.O. Box 2019

Lexington, SC 29071

CR 3:06-1129

Judge CURRIE

901 Richland Street

Columbia, SC 29201

Your Honor,

My name is Brett Shannon Johnson. You are the Judge in my Federal Fraud case.

By the time you read this I will have already plead guilty to whatever Final plea Agreement the US Attorney's Office has deemed fit to offer me. I will, of course, accept the plea Agreement as I am aware and have been informed by both my Attorney and Secret Service Agents that only the foolish decide to go to trial in Federal matters. My Attorney has also informed me that we have no defense. Besides - what I have been indicted for are crimes for which I am surely guilty. I balked a bit on February 20th, my plea acceptance date, when the questions came up regarding if I felt I had received responsible representation. I apologize for that. It was just that I had had a little less than one hour in the meetings with my lawyer, I look at the actual discovery material against me. And subsequent requests regarding the nature of some evidence against me were never answered by my Attorney. I don't think that matters as, again, I am guilty of these charges. And there were 4 CD-Roms of discovery against me.

The only reason I would have wanted my case to go to trial was so I could tell my side of the story. I feel it important that people passing judgement on me know why I committed those crimes. Hence this letter to you. I have no idea whether this letter will inspire sympathy, compassion, disgust, or Resentment of you toward me. I can only hope that you read this letter in its entirety, along with my forthcoming "Statement in Mitigation"; this way I can be sure that the person who is to determine my fate, you, will-at least-have heard what I feel to be my side of this matter. It is all I can ask. And I greatly appreciate you taking the time to read over my thoughts and motivations on this matter.

Let me reiterate - I Am guilty on the matters. There has never been a question on that And I have readily Admitted such to law enforcement officials. So the hardships, pain, loss, And suffering that I have experienced over the past 2+ years is entirely of my own making. Even what I know to be threats, Coercion, intimidation, harrasment, And deprivation of Civil liberties And Rights by the United States Secret Service - I still consider to be my fault; if I had not committed the crimes, none of that would have happened.

Not A day NOR hour passes that I don't dwell on what landed me in this place I now reside. It has been this way since my initial arrest on February 8, 2005, and it has only intensified now that I find myself incarcerated, without hope, with my future hanging in the balance. I have been and am punished constantly and will be for the rest of my life. Such deep reflection, while black and torturous, also has the benefit of bringing to light the errors which have brought me to this point in my life.

I lost my wife in late December of 2003. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ ~~my~~ ~~wife~~ Susan left me. We had been married, happily, for over 9 years. I had found he had started cheating on me with another man. That was the end of our

MARRIAGE. I CANNOT SAY WHAT SPECIFIC BEHAVIOUR OF MINE LED HER TO THOSE ACTIONS, BUT I KNOW IN MY HEART THAT IT WAS MY FAULT. WE WERE HAPPY AND FOR OVER 9 YEARS I HAD TREATED HER AS A PRINCESS. EVERYTHING SHE WANTED I GAVE TO HER - REGARDLESS OF HOW HARD I HAD TO WORK OR WHAT I NEEDED TO SACRIFICE. I MADE SURE SHE WAS HAPPY. I DOTTED ON HER. SHE WAS MY LIFE. BUT THAT IS HOW MARRIAGE IS SUPPOSED TO BE. WHAT ENDED OUR MARRIAGE? IT WASN'T THE 17-YEAR OLD WITH WHICH SHE WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR. IT WAS EITHER MY COCAINE ADDICTION WHICH I DESPERATELY TRIED TO KEEP HIDDEN FROM HER (AND TO THIS DAY STILL THINK I SUCCEEDED IN), OR IT WAS MY PAST INVOLVEMENT IN ONLINE HACKER ACTIVITIES. ONE OF THOSE OR LIKELY BOTH WAS THE REASON MY MARRIAGE ENDED. I HAD QUIT MY HACKER ACTIVITIES AROUND 8 MONTHS EARLIER, BUT THAT AND THE DRUGS - MUCH HARDER TO STOP - WAS STILL WHAT ENDED MY MARRIAGE AND ULTIMATELY LED ME TO THE CELL IN WHICH I NOW SIT.

My wife left me and I WAS DEVASTATED. I WALKED AROUND IN A NEAR-CATATONIC STATE, WEPT, LOST WEIGHT, AND NEVER LEFT THE HOUSE. MY LIFE WAS OVER. I FINALLY REALIZED THAT I NEEDED PROFESSIONAL HELP OR I WAS GOING TO END UP HURTING MYSELF.

I CONTACTED AND STARTED RECEIVING HELP FROM A PSYCHOLOGIST IN MOUNT PLEASANT, SOUTH CAROLINA. SHE HELPED GREATLY. I STARTED GETTING OUT. I JOINED SOME THEATRE GROUPS AND CLASSES AND MADE FRIENDS. I STARTED REBUILDING MY LIFE AND WAS, ONCE AGAIN, HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO BE A GOOD, PRODUCTIVE PERSON.

OR SO IT SEEMED. I STILL HAD THE SKELETON IN MY CLOSET OF ADDICTION. AND I WAS LONELY. THE LOSS OF MY WIFE HAD LEFT A HOLE THAT I DAILY FELT; I COULD ALMOST TOUCH.

AND THEN I MET ELIZABETH. THIS WAS APRIL OR MAY OF 2004. I MET ELIZABETH AT A BAR. WE GOT TO TALKING AND TALKED ABOUT 4 HOURS THAT FIRST NIGHT. I WAS TAKEN WITH HER, EVERYTHING ABOUT HER. WE SEEMED TO CLICK. AND I FELT A CLOSENESS TO HER THAT I COULD NEVER REMEMBER FEELING TOWARD

Another woman. Not even my wife.

Elizabeth was 23. She had just graduated from the College of Charleston with a degree in Religious Studies. She was also a dancer. A stripper. Until I met Elizabeth I had never been to a strip club. And I can thankfully, gratefully say that I never saw Elizabeth strip. Ever.

After meeting her that first night I couldn't get her out of my head. I thought of her constantly. After a week I screwed up my courage and went to where she worked. I walked in, spotted her. Asked her for a moment of her time. I told her I had been thinking of her and that I couldn't stop. I told her that I felt a connection to her and that it would be a shame to miss out on a chance to see if we were meant for one another. I asked her for a date. She agreed. She told me the restaurant, day, and time. I also got her phone number.

Thus began my courtship with Elizabeth. The dinner date was the most expensive meal I had had in my life up to that point. But I didn't mind. I was trying to impress.

We dated regularly. I won't bore you with the details. I will say that we dated for 6 months without her and I making out or having sex. But I fell deeply in love with her during that time. My falling in love with her came with a price, however. I felt she loved me in return, but she never said so. And my attempts at kissing her or more were always politely refused. I didn't know what to do. So I cried. A lot. And I drank and I used drugs. I also bought her gifts she hinted at. \$1500⁰⁰ purses here. \$600⁰⁰ shoes there. Whatever she wanted and whatever she wanted to do, I did. And I continued to become more and more upset as to why she did not really want to even kiss me. I didn't know the reason. And looking back now - I wish I had ever found out the truth.

I guess we had been dating about 5 months when Elizabeth started sleeping at my house. No sex at first. Meekly sleep. But we finally did have sex. I say "have sex" instead of "make love" because it didn't really strike me as love-making. I don't remember any kissing and there was little cuddling or foreplay. But I felt that this was, at least, a start.

Elizabeth started coming to my house regularly. I really felt things were coming along. Though I still worried what was going on with Elizabeth. Some nights she wouldn't come over after saying she would. Or she might arrive at 5 or 6 in the morning. And her behaviour was odd. I didn't know what was happening. So I did something that I had never done in my entire life; I caught her asleep and I went through her purse. I found cocaine. And I just started to cry. I think even then I knew the rest of the answer to my question, but I just couldn't admit it at the time. I went to her, woke her, and asked her about it. I was crying and she began too, as well. She said it wasn't a problem and that she would quit. But she didn't. Not yet. It was about 2 more weeks til she was to stop using cocaine for good.

During that time I turned to my computer to see if my further fears were true. I located a website which had reviews of strippers and which ones gave "extras". There I found Elizabeth was a prostitute for both money and cocaine. And I got detailed descriptions of everything. It broke my heart. I couldn't imagine what she had been going through. And it also answered my questions on why she wasn't intimate with me. And I couldn't blame her. I never felt so sorry for someone in my life as I did her.

I was 3 days confronting her with it. I was scared. But I knew I loved her and I knew I had to get her out of that - regardless of the cost.

When I did confront her with it - she yelled. She cried. And she denied it. I let her deny it and I said that I was wrong. I felt there

WAS NO NEED IN MAKING her Admit it, And I didnt want to lose her. She tried to leave, but I got on my knees And begged her to stay. I told her I loved her And I would do Anything in the world for her.

Shortly After that she quit dancing And using cocaine. She had went to work And didnt come home. She called the next morning At 11am And Asked me to come get her. I said I would. I wrote her a letter saying I loved her And she had to quit the drugs, the job, And the rest or we couldnt go on. I left it on the bed so she could read it. I then went And got her. I dropped her off At home And I left. I came back late that night. I didnt know what I would find, what to expect. That day she quit her job, the drugs, And the rest.

She WAS with me constantly from that point. And I WAS Afraid to leave her. It WAS AN irrational fear, but I couldnt leave her alone. I had to ~~be~~ help her. I called my friends And told them what WAS going on. And I broke off All contact with them And told them that no matter what it took I had to see to her; I had to help her. I mean, thats what you do when you love someone And they are hurt And in trouble- you do whatever you can.

So instead of cocaine I showered her with gifts And expensive dinners. Im not sure if it WAS A conscious or subconscious thought, but I felt that if I did that it would at least take her mind off the drugs And All would be OK.

I quickly went through my savings. I pawned or sold All items of value in my home. And then I WAS broke. And I still needed A lot of money.

So I turned back to the same internet hacker group I had quit well before I lost my wife.

I initially purchased Fake cashiers checks from this website And passed them off For C.O.D. (collect on Delivery) orders shipped via Fedex And UPS. I would then sell the items I Acquired through the Fake checks. Later, I made the checks myself.

I WAS ARRESTED ON FEBRUARY 8, 2005 IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA FOR THE CHECKS. I HAD PROPOSED TO ELIZABETH AND THAT WAS 3 WEEKS BEFORE WE WERE TO BE MARRIED.

I ADMITTED AND CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING AND SIGNED STATEMENTS TO THAT EFFECT. I DIDN'T ~~AGREE~~ ^{AGREE} WITH EVERYTHING THAT WAS ON THE STATEMENT, BUT TOLD THEM IT WAS OK AS LONG AS THEY LET ME CALL HER.

ELIZABETH WAS DEVASTATED. SHE WAS CRYING. AND I KNEW THEN THAT I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN SCUM.

I WAS PLACED AT CHARLESTON COUNTY DETENTION CENTRE. AND THERE I FOUND MYSELF IN A WORSE EMOTIONAL STATE THAN WHEN I LOST MY WIFE.

I WAS THERE 90 DAYS. THE SECRET SERVICE APPROACHED ME AFTER I WAS UNARRESTED A WEEK. THEY WANTED ME TO BE AN INFORMANT. I SAID I WOULD DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO BE WITH ELIZABETH. IT TOOK THEM 90 DAYS TO GET ME OUT.

DURING THOSE 90 DAYS I WROTE ELIZABETH DAILY. I THINK I GOT MAYBE 5 LETTERS FROM HER. SHE VISITED ME 2-3 TIMES. AND I SPOKE TO HER ON THE TELEPHONE 5-6 TIMES. JUST THIS - EVEN THOUGH SHE LIVED ~~ONLY~~ ONLY 5-6 MINUTES FROM THE JAIL I WAS IN.

I WAS RELEASED THE FIRST WEEK OF APRIL 2005 AFTER THE SECRET SERVICE HAD MY BOND REDUCED TO \$10,000⁰⁰⁰. THERE WERE NEVER ANY CONDITIONS NOTED FOR BOND RELEASE. I WAS RELEASED AROUND 9PM THAT NIGHT. I CALLED ELIZABETH AS SHE SAID TO CALL HER MY RELEASE. A SECRET SERVICE AGENT WAS WAITING AT THE CCDC PARKING LOT TO TAKE ME TO A HOTEL. ELIZABETH CAME THROUGH THE PARKING LOT WITH A FRIEND OF MINE AND SHE DROPS OUT TWO PLASTIC STORAGE CONTAINERS WITH MY CLOTHES IN THE PARKING LOT OF CCDC. SHE HUGS ME. AND SHE SAYS TO CALL HER LATER. AND SHE LEAVES WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING ELSE. I WAS CRUSHED.

I AM TAKEN TO THE HOTEL AND CALL HER THAT NIGHT. SHE COMES OVER AND AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION AND TEARS WE ARE BACK TOGETHER.

The Secret Service does not put me to work for 30 days. So I stay at Elizabeth's. Elizabeth has a part-time job working 10-15 hours a week. That's it. I don't have a job, cannot get one, and have to rely on my mother for what she can do for us. And the thing is - I can tell Elizabeth loves me and wants me there, but there are constant arguments and we aren't getting along well at all. But I try to make it work. And I think it does. Sort of.

Then I move to Columbia, SC to work as an informant. Elizabeth won't visit me. But we do talk on the phone. I tell her that we will be OK and, at least, I should have a book deal out of this mess.

But I'm already starting to slide back to my cocaine addiction. And the \$5000 per day per diem that the Secret Service is giving me can't pay for my survival, my drugs, and save my relationship with Elizabeth. And yes - I went right back to cocaine. Why? A number of reasons. All my own fault. It boiled down to it was easier to do that than face the tragedy my life had quickly become. And it was easier to find solace and escape in a powder than face the Secret Service Agents who daily reminded me that as soon as the investigation was over I was going back to jail. The same Secret Service Agents who taunted me routinely, calling Elizabeth a "whore" and "harlot", and asking how much she charged for a blow-job. ~~and~~

And that's exactly what happened from the start of my work as a C.I. Agents would harass me thus or watch porn while I was working and ask if Elizabeth did that. And I couldn't say anything back to them. So I found escape the only place I knew - at the bottom of a bottle and the end of a line.

I was advised that the job would last no longer than 3 months. (It lasted 10.) I thought if I could hang on those 3 months everything would be OK. But, of course, it wasn't. I had to feed my addiction. So I started filing fraudulent income tax returns so I could get enough money to do what I needed.

I moved Elizabeth to Columbia with me.

My relationship with Elizabeth ended approximately 3 months into my job when our Secret Service computer was hacked. As a result - my information, Elizabeth's information, and her past were published across the internet and within the community I was working in as a C.I. (and though I may have deserved that treatment, Elizabeth did not). I was able to convince the community that none of it was true (though it was) and work continued. The Secret Service made me move for fear of my life and Elizabeth's. I moved. And I ended my relationship with Elizabeth out of fear for her safety and because of the increased harassment from Secret Service members regarding her after we were hacked. I didn't tell Elizabeth about her information or her past being published. I tried to explain to her the best I could, but she didn't understand.

As a result I grew suicidal and plunged headlong into drink and drugs. I went through women, drugs, and money like water. And I moved Elizabeth to Charleston and paid her rent and living expenses. I supported those actions by filing fraudulent income tax returns.

I mentioned earlier that my release on bond came with no condition. That is true. I signed no agreement and was not initially told I was forbidden to use a computer or talk to anyone. I mention this because I was contacted by a New York Times reporter shortly after starting my job with the Secret Service. He began interviewing me and flew in several times in person to speak with me. This was without Secret Service knowledge or agreement. The Secret Service discovered shortly after my initial contact with him that I had spoke to him - though they did not know nor did I tell them the level of that contact. It was at this point that the Secret Service told me I could not speak to anyone, nor use a computer, and had no choice but to accept requests for polygraphs and searches and sign whatever papers presented me.

I didn't respond well to these comments by the Secret Service. I felt I was still a USA citizen and had the freedom to speak with who I wished as long as it didn't hurt an investigation. I also felt that being forced to submit to searches and sign papers or take polygraphs was a tad in violation of my rights. But I kept my mouth shut because I didn't want to go back to jail.

I also continued my discussions with the New York Times, without the Secret Service being aware. We discussed my history and what I was doing. And it was agreed that nothing would be published until after my work was over and my case disposed of. As of this date, nothing has yet been published.

On March 26, 2006 following a nationwide sweep of several Secret Service targets, including one of my targets, I was forced to take a polygraph to see if I had warned the target that he was going to be arrested. 3 questions were asked on the polygraph: 1) Did I contact the target? 2) Did I have anyone contact the target? 3) Did I have any unauthorized contact with anyone? I failed the polygraph. It was the third question that got me. The Times reporter was frequently on the forum and we spoke often.

During the follow-up interrogation I admitted to speaking to the press and also my plans for a book. I had often said the same in jest, but they finally understood I was serious. That evening around 2am, after 7+ hours of interrogation, I was made to sign a consent to search my apartment. The initial search yielded nothing. I was not charged with anything and was not allowed to go home. I was kept at the Secret Service office through the night until Neal Dolan arrived the next morning. I didn't see Dolan.

I was escorted to my apartment to shower and then brought back to the office. I was then informed that I had to return to Charleston that day for a bond hearing. I didn't find out until I was in Charleston that this was a lie.

What actually took place is that Agent Dolan called my bondsman and told him to revoke the bond. The bondsman told me this and said he didn't want to revoke the bond, but felt obligated to do so. So I was placed back in Charleston County Detention Center. I didn't know what was going on. 3 days later Agents Bobby Kirby and Jim Rannicone show up to ask questions about items a subsequent search of my apartment yielded. It was evidence of my filing fraudulent income tax refunds.

Rannicone and Kirby come in. Kirby has a Miranda waiver in his hand. Before they present or read it to me Rannicone looks at me and says, "Before we begin, Brett, I just want to say that you are either going to tell us everything you've done the past 6 years or I'm going to make it my mission in life to fuck over you and your family. And I'm not just talking about these current charges, once you get out I will hound you for the rest of your life. Now - do you want to talk to us?" Kirby then hands the Miranda waiver my way. I look at Rannicone and say, "I don't want to talk to you." Rannicone gets up, storms out, and says, "Fuck you very much!" on the way out. I go back to my cell.

I took that exactly as it was meant - as a threat against my family and I. Because of the antics I had already been a part of while working at the Secret Service, I knew that I was, indeed, going to be "fucked over" by the Secret Service. Add that Neal Dolan had told me after I first met Dean Eicholberg that Eicholberg would do whatever the Secret Service told him to; I knew that I would be charged with something serious and that would only be the start as Rannicone had promised.

Two weeks after my visit from Agents Kirby and Rannicone my bond was reinstated. The bond had been improperly revoked as my lawyer explained to me. I bonded back out again. As a result - I went on the run.

I didn't, at first, intend to run. My intent was to round up enough money for an excellent attorney and to fight; I felt that was my only chance against what they had promised to do. However - as time progressed and I became increasingly aware of the lies Secret Service Agents were telling my family and friends concerning my charges and the threats against them - I reached the conclusion that it didn't matter what type of attorney I had, they would still fulfill their promise of "fucking over" my family and I. I mean - it is the federal government; when they want to ruin lives there isn't much that can be done.

So I had it in my head to leave the country. I thought if I could at least do that my family would not be bothered. (Of course, I was wrong on that point) So it went from me getting a lawyer to me running. In the end - I couldn't leave my family: I wasn't and will never be ready to leave my family.

So I went to Dallas and ripped off money. Then to Las Vegas and ripped off money - doing massive amounts of cocaine daily. I was finally arrested in Orlando, Florida on September 16, 2006. One of the first things the Secret Service told me upon my arrest was that the "fucking has just begun". I believed them then and believe them now.

Before being threatened and going on the run I was ready to do what I felt would be 18-24 months and I was satisfied with that. I had broken the law in Charleston and Columbia; I didn't have a problem with doing my time. I could get the help I needed to overcome my addiction, sort out my personal problems, and pay the debt to society I rightly owe. But I feel the actions, antics, and threats of the Secret Service exacerbated that problem to an enormous degree.

As of this writing my plea agreement looks like it will result in my getting at least 7 years. That includes over 3 years of enhancements I'm told the prosecution intends to pursue; an enhancement for 10 victims, an

enhancement for obstruction, and an enhancement for it being a complicated scheme.
6 additional points. 3⁺ years.

I can kind of understand the 10 victim enhancement - almost. I will give them 9 victims. The 10th victim wasn't a victim; they didn't lose any property or cash. That was the check I was arrested on.

The obstruction the solicitor claims? Never happened. I spoke to the press regarding my history and current work. Nothing was to be published until after I was through with the Secret Service. Nothing was published and nothing will be published until this is over. I told no one online I was a C.I. I didn't obstruct anything. In fact, I helped investigations in several states.

As for a complicated scheme enhancement? It wasn't complicated. I got some debit cards, got a list of dead people, and filed taxes in their names. Nothing complicated about that. Even during my December court appearance Eichelberg said to the court that my crime wasn't complicated. He used those exact words. I don't see how the solicitor can pursue such an enhancement if he himself says it isn't true. I mentioned that to my lawyer and told him to get a copy of the transcript for that day. My lawyer said it doesn't matter, but I still feel it certainly does.

As of this writing I can only assume these additional enhancements and the lack of a better plea agreement are a result of my talking to the press and the potential embarrassment that publication could mean for the Secret Service.

A potential article or book might likely include my harassment by Secret Service concerning Elizabeth. It could mention my drug problems and addiction while working there.

The antics of the Secret Service would also likely be brought up, including: their stripping away my civil liberties and rights while working there, their circumventing the orders of Dean Eichelberg on how to conduct the investigation and what to do, the unprofessional activities like watching porn incessantly and lewd talk while

WORKING. It will talk about the jealousy RUNNING RAMPANT Among the different "Co-operating" investigations And how on 2 occasions that jealousy manifested itself by my being directed to wreck a website the Agents knew to be operated by Canadian Authorities (Though I did not), And Another occasion Where I WAS ordered to ~~the~~ threaten the person And Family of Another Secret Service Informant working in Rochester, NY named Daniel DeLippio. It will mention the embarrassing instance of the Secret Service computer being hacked. And the unmitigated joy that Agents derived At RUINING people's lives And tormenting those who were not even targets of an investigation - like the 14 year old girl they "joked" around with by ASKING her if she preferred oral sex with cocaine on the penis. That could well be mentioned in an article.

Also likely discussed would be how open the Columbia Secret Service was with me concerning other investigations And sensitive details. Another potential black eye for them As Agents constantly disclosed sensitive details of other investigations.

Something published would certainly mention Ranniccone's threats to my Family And I. And maybe how Secret Service Agents, once I went on the run, told my Family And Friends I WAS A crack cocaine dealer And A pedophile - instead of the truth. I'm Addicted to cocaine. But I'm not a dealer. And I'm not a pedophile. I'm guilty of fraud. I think that was just another way of following through on the promise of wrecking my life And my Family's.

So yes - I RAN. I RAN because I didn't know what to do. I RAN because I WAS SCARED. And I RAN because I knew full well that the Secret Service didn't intend to play fair. And yes - I broke the law before I met the Secret Service. And yes - I broke the law while working with them up until my bond was improperly revoked And the threats came. But those are the Actions of someone whose life was in turmoil And Addiction ruled their every decision. The Actions of the Secret Service magnified my problems while I worked with them; As

I slid deeper into drugs and depression I also slid further into illegal activities. Afterward, the Secret Service significantly exacerbated the problem by issuing threats in which I felt compelled to take flight. Everything done after March 26, 2006 is in direct relation and response to the threats of the Secret Service.

Yes - I did it. Yes - I'm guilty. And Yes - I'm at fault. Ultimately, all this mess lies at my doorstep. But there are things which aided in bringing it there.

That is my story. I'm sorry it took so many pages, but I don't know how it could have been shorter; there is much more to include that I did not.

Am I sorry for my crimes? Yes. There isn't a day that has passed over the past 2 years that I don't think of the pain I have brought myself, my family, and my friends. I have hurt people I love and people I don't even know. There isn't a day that passes that I don't beat myself up over it. I will always remember the look of pain on my parents' faces, my family's, and Elizabeth's. And though I don't know some of those I hurt, I am deeply troubled that I was in such a state of mind that I would bring others hardship and pain. I deeply regret what I have done, and I'm tormented constantly by it. I know it will be like that for the rest of my life. I'm very sorry for what I have done. I always will be.

Because of the choices I have made the past years I have lost all that I have and all that I am. I once had a promising future; I was intelligent, hard-working, reliable, trustworthy, successful, and a good person. However, drugs led to a series of poor choices which ultimately led me to where I am today. I can't believe I ended up here at this point in my life. I can't believe that any person could go from such a lofty level to such a low point.

I met with great excitement the initial job offer of the Secret Service. I felt I could finally get my life in order. I could use my knowledge and

expertise to the common good and stop crime. I thought I could make a career of it and still believe so. And I did do an extraordinary amount of good and crime-stopping. But as a person I wasn't at a point where I could leave my addictions and move on. I deeply regret that my demons were too strong and my will too weak to overcome my problems.

I know none of this would ever have happened if I hadn't had a problem of cocaine addiction. It's the biggest mistake of my life. I know I would have been of more sound mind and character and would have made better choices had not cocaine been leading my life. It's a difficult thing knowing my potential as a human being and seeing that squandered away and wrecked hopelessly. It's difficult for me to reconcile who I know I am with what I know I've done. It's a guilt I will never be rid of.

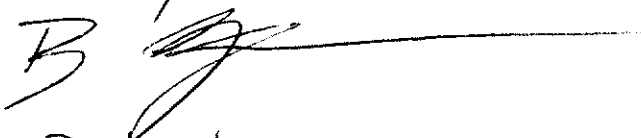
There was a time when I had no regrets and was happy with my life. That time seems long past, but I hope to regain it. I know I need help in overcoming my problems and I hope to receive such. I know I can rebuild my life—given the chance.

I got completely lost from the person that I am. I'm a far better person than the scum I have been acting as. I just need to get myself situated.

The most important thing in the world to me is family. And I hope to have the opportunity to have a family of my own in the future, before it's too late.

That is all I can say, your Honor. I appreciate you taking the time to read over this. And I pray you see fit to give me a second chance and order the help I need. Regardless of your decision I know that you at least know my thoughts on the matter. I greatly thank you for that opportunity.

Sincerely



Brett Johnson